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K E W G A R D E N.

A

P O E M.

In Two C A N T O S.

By H E N R Y J O N E S,

Author of the *Earl of Essex, Isle of Wight, &c.*

At once the Monarch's, and the Muse's Seat.

POPE.

L O N D O N :

Printed by J. BROWNE, N^o 73. in Shoe-Lane, Fleet-Street ;
For J. Doddsley, in Pall-Mall ; J. Walter, at Charing-Cross ;
T. Davies, in Russell-Street ; and G. Kearsley, in Ludgate-Street.

MDCCLXVII.

K E W G A R D E N .

A

P O E M .

I n T w o C A N T O S .

By H E N R Y J O N E S .

Author of the Poem of THE INN OF NIGHTS, &c.

With some the Manuscript, and the Author's Note.

Port.

L O N D O N :

Printed by J. B. Nichols, at the 'Star and Garter' Press, No. 1, Pall Mall; A. Williams at Chancery Lane; and J. G. Nichols at St. Paul's Church-yard; and J. G. Nichols at St. Paul's Church-yard; and J. G. Nichols at St. Paul's Church-yard.

M D C C C X V I I

To Her GRACE the

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Dutcheſs of Northumberland.

May it pleaſe your Grace,

A Poem upon Kew-Garden ſhould, next to the royal palaces, ſolicit protection at Northumberland and Sion houſes, as they are the neareſt, not only in diſtance, but in dignity, to the regal manſions, and have ſuch intimate and exalted connections with them.

His majeſty by a late gracious act of royal favour and juſtice, hath liſted them up as near to himſelf as poſſible, which birth, fortune, and merit, and the public eſteem had done long before. An elevation thus founded on deſert, and ſupported by truth, will look down upon titles, be eſteemed and admired for intrinsic and perſonal worth, whiſt munificence, public ſpirit, taſte, and patronage of arts, and Chriſtian charity, are honoured among mankind. I hear the voice of thouſands proclaim aloud, what I but faintly echo in this moſt humble, but ſincere addreſs; I am armed againſt all imputations of flattery in
what

what I here advance, whilst afflicted (but relieved) multitudes have thankful hearts and tongues, the ingenious gratitude, and Europe ears.

The Poem that now offers itself to your Grace's protection, presumes upon a kind of claim to your partial indulgence from the very merit of the subject, which it is hoped will be its apology ; it has besides, the sanction of the best judges on its behalf, who think it in some degree not unworthy the dutchess of Northumberland ; happy the author, if your grace is of the same opinion. Permit me, madam, to boast, that even my talents are not overlooked by your grace ; and whilst your public and princely virtues reflect the brightest honour upon your country, and are indeed the shining shield that defends it in the eye of foreigners from the censure of an almost total apostacy from all liberal and literary patronage in England, whilst you, madam, and your illustrious lord, redeem it daily from the above imputation ; permit me in the humblest instance to subscribe myself,

Your Grace's most devoted,
and obedient Servant,

HENRY JONES.

K E W G A R D E N.

HAIL to the spot, where Britain's laurel springs
 With stem renew'd, and rears its growth to heav'n;
 What moral beauties, in their classic robe
 Transparent, thus in regal state express'd,
 With sweet benevolence enchant my soul?
 What new creation rises to my view?
 Where niggard nature every boon denied;
 Where earth and water, with ungenial bent,
 To form and taste, and order seem'd averse,
 What powerful Fiat call'd this Eden forth,
 Like that first paradise from chaos form'd,
 And o'er the waste a beauteous world bid rise?
 Behold a youthful king's coeval home!

A British monarch's best-lov'd natal bower,
 Who cultivates the spot that gave him birth,
 And crowns the scene his infant toils began,
 By taste, by wisdom, and by truth inspir'd ;
 The guardian genius of his dawning thought,
 Who wide disclos'd to wisdom's sacred ray
 The eager inlets of his ample mind,
 And pour'd upon each opening mental cell,
 The virtue-forming scientific beam,
 With letter'd and religious radiance fill'd,
 The fair expanses of his princely soul,
 And taught it early on the world to shine ;
 Who rear'd the monarch, and who form'd the man.
 'Twas he who's penetrating plastic eye,
 Whose copious, clear, and comprehensive thought,
 By moral beauty and by genius led,
 Where taste and learning mark'd th' unerring line ;
 'Twas he reform'd the rude enormous sketch,
 To order, beauty, harmony and ease,
 And crown'd with classic grace the kingly plan ;
 Where every transcript of a copious soul,
 With strong attraction charms the judging eye ;
 And penetrates with sweet propriety,
 The heart susceptible, the feeling string
 Congenial stretch'd by beauty's hand impress'd,

And

And rich variety, where order reigns,
 Who reads with raptur'd appetite regal'd
 And feasted faculty, much more than strikes
 The vague external sense by taste unschool'd,
 And lectures vainly to the vulgar eye.

Hail happy princeſs ! fruitful ſource whence all
 Our laſting hopes through ages yet unborn,
 In ſhining copious ſtreams propitious flow,
 To Britons glad prophetic fight ; to thee,
 To thee, this glowing garden offers up
 Thy royal ſon's ſublime unſpotted vows ;
 To thee he conſecrates his kingly taſte,
 With raptur'd thought and talents all inspir'd,
 And daily with the lov'd idea glows.
 I ſee the riſing years in white array,
 And diſtant periods wait his promis'd rule.
 Lo ! Time exults, and in his joyful march,
 Behold the bleſſings of a Britiſh reign.
 See Peace triumphant with her olive branch,
 A glorious peace led on by victory,
 With all the trophies crown'd of either world ;
 See Britain liſt o'er both her laurell'd head ;
 Now wanton Plenty pours her teeming horn ;
 Now ruddy Health with naked boſom bounds,

Now

Now taste shall thrive, now arts sublime shall tower;
 Now godlike science in perfection reign;
 Proud sculpture now with nature shall contend
 For breathing mastery, and picture snatch
 The palm from life; the muse again shall live;
 Now she who imitates the plan divine,
 That queen of all the arts, who crowns the earth
 With stately piles, and rears her front to heav'n,
 Now she once more the Grecian garb shall wear,
 In Attic purity and pomp array'd,
 And put the chastest Roman beauties on;
 A British Cæsar shall exalt her stile,
 With vestal purity and manly fire,
 And finish what AUGUSTUS left undone;
 A new VIRTRUVIUS near his side shall shine
 Beneath his smile, and rival him of old;
 Athens to Britain now shall yield the prize,
 And Rome through envy turn the face aside.

Lo yonder moves with awful port erect,
 And sweet majestic mien, our youthful king;
 How meek through all the monarch shines the man;
 How comely clemency in him must reign,
 Herself an angel, yet by him adorn'd.
 The raptur'd muse her regal guide attends

At

At awful distance due, with throbbing heart,
 Triumphant to yon mild attractive shade,
 Where heaven-born Peace from her ambrosial fane,
 First beckons with inviting hand, the eye,
 With melting mien triumphant, yet compos'd,
 With meekness mix'd, with fortitude, with sweet
 Humanity, with mercy tempering all ;
 Where prostrate kings their richest incense bring,
 And human nature lifts the thankful eye
 To heaven, and GEORGE, and Europe heals her wound.

Hail happy Peace, thou late celestial guest,
 Who bore upon thy smooth-extended wing,
 Thro' heav'n's wide-opening gate, that branch that springs
 Immortal, near the mercy seat of God !
 Oh gentle Peace ! how calm is thy retreat ?
 Thy fruitful olives in the mildest gale,
 Securely wave their green ambrosial heads,
 And all the blossoms of the world are here ;
 Thy temple fortified with fragrant groves,
 And blushing burden'd boughs, no storm need fear ;
 The murmuring zephyrs waft no rude report,
 And all the whispering messages they bring,
 On evening pinions, from autumnal skies

To Pleasure's ear, are social, kind, and sweet,
And every clime its richest growth sends here.

Through labyrinths of ever-living green,
By crimson roses intermingled sweet ;
Where art and nature must incessant vie ;
Behold the KING delighted onward bends,
Like Pan, or Ceres, or Pomona glad,
Amidst the blessings which his reign bestows.

And lo ! the sun's bright temple strikes the eye,
Parent of arts, to peace for ever near ;
Thy gorgeous pile in orient pomp ascends,
In complex grandeur and luxuriant stile,
In gay Corinthian robe, sublime array'd,
The boast of Greece by British taste improv'd ;
By kindred symbols temperately emblaz'd
That paraphrase, but not surcharge thy pure
Entablature from ancient Balbec brought,
In letter'd taste's discriminating hand,
By ripe experience in her travel'd grasp ;
Thy bright specific character shall shine
Like some refulgent new discover'd star,
That gilds the forehead of the northern sky,

And

And strikes the feasted sight with glad surprize ;
 In rich alcoves the golden beams are lodg'd,
 That travel slowly round this shining frame,
 In semblant progress of the rolling year ;
 How apt upon the figur'd freeze are seen
 Above thy lofty capitals display'd,
 In sweet relief, thy own harmonious lyre,
 And laurel meed, thy attributes confess'd ;
 Thy gilded gates unfold ! thy crimson cell,
 And burnish'd cove, now blaze upon the sight
 With dazzling radiance, and delight the soul ;
 Whilst in thy vertic hemisphere inthron'd,
 Above these twelve comparted signs that form
 The figur'd windings of thy annual road,
 Thy own refulgent globe supremely shines
 With noontide ray, and gladdens all beneath.

And see the vegetating joyful glebe,
 Around the basis of thy fertile fane,
 Offer the fragrant firstlings of the year ;
 See a whole season round thy portals smile,
 And heaven and earth thy genial courts adorn.

With hospitable thought from this lov'd fane,
 The muse must turn her tardy step aside,

From

From Nature's genuine source awhile withdraw,
 To visit Art in her laborious cells ;
 That fost'ring nurse that rears those orphans up,
 From regions far remote beyond the burning line,
 From Indian gardens, and from Eden's groves,
 To Britain's cold adopting climate brought ;
 Nor there shall die, nor disappoint his hope,
 Whose patriot heart and powerful hand are stretch'd
 From pole to pole for happy Britain's good ;
 Who brings these denizens of nature, health
 And pleasure, home, and makes them flourish here ;
 Who reads their essence with a learned eye,
 And scans each quality beneath the moon,
 Of all the tribes that summer's livery wear,
 And verge so near perception's shrinking class,
 From the first pale postilion of the spring,
 The primrose meek, to Jove's own plant sublime,
 The princely oak and cedar tall, that crown
 The top of Lebanon with fragrant state,
 His philosophic feast, his pure regale,
 The soul's best banquet, when from care set free.

Delightful luxury by virtue lov'd,
 Would Britain make the great example her's,
 And sanctify expence by wisdom's rule,

Nor lavish treasure, time, and life away,
 At worship'd Folly's fascinating shrine,
 That painted harlot, whose ensnaring glance
 Draws in all ranks to her infected fane,
 By custom crowded, and by fools ador'd
 Beneath a thousand gaudy masks, put on
 By frantic modes, and fashion's wasteful hand.

Hail fragrant guests ! each privilege enjoy,
 That royal hospitality can give ;
 Disclose your virtues, and your worth reveal,
 Give sense, and taste, and Esculapius aid ;
 And what our cloudy heaven too oft denies,
 Our feeble suns remote, and stinted dews,
 Let soft'ning art, and rich prolific warmth
 Supply, that glow through labyrinths of kind,
 InfINUATING, gentle steams, that ooze,
 Emitted through ten thousand million pores,
 Which breathing spread like heaven's ethereal gale,
 The principles of vegetating life,
 And teeming energy around, as from
 Some genial atmosphere in Nature's prime ;
 Here heat, from animating fountains drawn,
 From vital reservoirs, that like the heart,
 Send circulating life and growth to all,

Above, below, around, reflex, repell'd,
 With out-stretch'd arms, in winding warm embrace.
 Ah ! see what learned systems to supply
 Thy simple ray, thou regent of the world.

And lo ! the fresh relieving welcome air
 Invited in, from all the wide expanse
 Of heaven, with every fruitful quality
 Endued, that Britain's atmosphere can give ;
 The rushing visitant immediate feels
 The kind reception in its warping way,
 From cell to cell with different warmth replete,
 And mingles joyful with the mass it cheers.
 Whilst over head the envious sun reviews
 A richer harvest than his beams can give,
 And from his proud meridian lofty frowns
 Upon thy prostrate skies and sliding hemispheres.

Behold both Indies in their varied pride,
 With Europe's paler progenies contend,
 These specimens of paradise that glow,
 Like nature's candidates for beauty's palm,
 With pure unborrow'd splendor richly dress'd,
 That shame the gildings a birth-night glare,
 In colours stolen from yon celestial bow

When

When painted first, and angels mix'd the tints
 With aromatic fragrance, that might bribe
 The organs of the blest'd, and win the vote of heav'n.

The rododendron, mountain laurel, there,
 That blends its blushes with the cheek of June,
 And makes our painted summer still more proud,
 Preserves, like florid youth, its morning glow,
 'Till frighted by the fading year's decline,
 A timid pale o'erspreads the crimson bloom,
 That in its later stages whiter grows,
 Like chearful age in snowy blossoms clad,
 That wears a second season on its head,
 And looks more pleasing in the recent change,
 When the rich roses to the lillies yield,
 And beauty's banner in the process shines,
 By wise COLUMBUS' northern empire lov'd,
 From thence to Britain's fostering arms transfer'd,

See next the latifolia, kindred plant,
 With counter beauties mark the varied scene
 In lively red, in scarlet mantle priz'd,
 That blooms illustrious in the sunny ray,
 And glads the bright assemblies of the year,
 Like sprightly youth in vivid colours clad,

The

The radiant robe of light's exulting morn,
 Put on by Fancy in its fervid dance,
 When led by Vigour through the wanton maze,
 'Till grave Reflection, with her thoughtful tinge,
 And sober drapery, deepens every dye,
 And late to purple honours changes all.

The mirto there from hot Jamaica comes,
 Pimento call'd, with spicy fragrance blest'd,
 A foe to flatulence and vapours crude,
 Whose essence warm dispels th' imprison'd pest,
 And opens wide the gate to health and joy,
 By Europe honour'd, and by learning lov'd.

Banana next, sustaining plant, behold,
 In rich Arabia born, with all its virtues fraught,
 That vital manna of the Western Ind,
 The bread of millions shed from Nature's hand,
 And worship'd daily by the numerous isles
 That skirt America's immense domain.

Lo saccharum rich, that teeming tube, up-grows,
 That luscious fountain of perpetual sweets,
 By artful luxury inlisted still
 In all her venial weak attacks on life,

That

That oft invites th' unguarded palate on
 To weightier conflicts and more dangerous war,
 Innoxious yet, and yet a friend to man;
 The muse 'mongst Nature's gifts must rank it high,
 And with her numbers deck the dulcet cane,
 That to both Indies owes its boasted birth,
 And fills the coffers of the public weal.

Behold the sapient stem put fertile forth
 The sober berry, whose sagacious fume
 Inspires deep thought, and technical debate,
 And learned descant, and mysterious lore,
 The dreams of statesmen, and the thoughts of kings,
 That checks th' unruly grape's seditious steam,
 And keeps the citadel of reason cool,
 O'er whose wise flavour and polemic smoke
 The ardent sages in close groupings sit,
 And turn in warm campaigns the evening o'er,
 To settle kingdoms, and dispel the spleen.

See coronilla, though Iberian born,
 A match for Boreas on his Northern throne,
 Display its ensigns o'er the wintry waste,
 And with its blossoms brave the blustering year.

Lo next gardenio florido, from forth
 Its treasur'd leaves unlocks Arabia ;
 The Cape's rich jessamin, whose fragrance fills
 The blissful groves around, and joyful skies.

Magnolia too, the dulcet bay-tree nam'd,
 In gay alliance mingles all its stores.
 And sheds its essence o'er the neighbouring woods ;
 Itself a season in its flow'ry pride,
 America its soil, the sun its fire.

From the far Cape of Hope diosmo comes,
 And on the breeze throws open every cell,
 Made rich by sweet adopted essences
 Serene imbib'd, and odours not its own.

And see, the red and white azalia brings
 Its aromatic forces to the field,
 And joins its beauty with the blest'd allies
 Argenta see, in silver foliage broad,
 With cooling glimmer in the fervid gale,
 Refresh the fated eye, and cheer the soul,
 That from the Cape its milder mantle brings.

Lo last the camphire tree ! that magazine,
 When by the touch enforc'd, an atmosphere
 Sends all abroad of every fragrant gale,
 That sense can banquet, or the heart enjoy ;
 From China's spicy shore this stranger comes,
 To animate Britannia's distant sky.

The ravish'd muse o'ercome with rich regales,
 With Nature's miscellaneous stores combin'd,
 Through different climates measures back her way,
 Through climates different as the plants they bear ;
 Where every stranger finds his native home,
 And blooms as if beneath parental skies ;
 Amidst congenial essences it sprung,
 In sweet spontaneous beds by art uncall'd,

The muse abroad now joyful breathes once more
 Her native atmosphere, whose simple gale
 Each loaded faculty delighted cheers,
 By aromatic fragrance overcome,
 The breath of paradise ; and now athwart,
 The broad domain that skirts this treasure house,
 Of all that East, and West, and South can yield,
 To yonder gate by beauty beckon'd on,
 She joyful bends her hasty step intent.

And I

And lo a flourish'd portico enrich'd,
 That wears th' embroidery of the Queen it guards,
 Where Fancy on her vernal throne presides
 O'er all the colours of the painted year,
 That charm th' affections, and deceive the eye;
 Oh sweet enchantment, never feel decay;
 Is beauty too a visionary bliss?
 Do lovers languish for a fairy dream?
 Are lilies living in the virgin face?
 Are roses mingling with their whiteness there?
 Ah sweet illusions all! are these unreal?
 Are these the phantoms of a magic spell?
 So stern Philosophy severe affirms,
 With shrunk abstracted eye, and iron soul;
 But nature to the heart so close akin,
 Smiles in her face, her mystic frown defies,
 To beauty clings, and her cold creed abhors.

Behold a heaven of rich variety,
 A royal flower ground enamell'd high
 With all that Ormus, India, or that Pontus lend
 To British gardens in the pride of June;
 Their names are needless, for their charms are known;
 How complicated in their radiant beds!
 Like earthly constellations they appear,

In all the painter's art of light and shade,
 And just compartments mystic, rich and pure,
 And breathing pictures in the spring of life,
 That load with freightage sweet the passing gale,
 To barter incense with Arabia's breeze,
 That richer by the precious change might grow,
 Though all its wealth were wafted on its wings;
 Select embroidery carpetting the ground,
 Where queens oft tread, and goddeses might move.
 A range of stately trees on either side,
 These tender florid families defend
 From wintry insults, and the hostile year,
 Like beauty shelter'd by th' unbending laws
 From ruffian rage, and violating hands.

Invited still by sweet variety,
 The feasted soul's unsatiating regale,
 The raptur'd muse impatient presses on
 From charm to charm, attracted still, with still
 Increasing force, from nature's local sweets,
 That please the sense, but interest not the heart,
 To life, to energy, to intellect,
 And motion from the will spontaneous sprung,
 To quick perception, spirit, sense, and choice,
 And mental faculty by these express'd;

Where shape, and air, and symmetry divine,
 And rays reflected from the source of thought,
 That beam intuitive throughout the eye,
 The speaking eye, that window of the mind ;
 That vigour, life, and grace diffuse o'er all,
 And give to beauty and her shapes a soul ;
 Ah see in glittering tribes successive shine
 The vivid offspring of the genial god ;
 These children of the sun, in rainbows robd',
 Whose sportive pinion in the morning beam
 Imbib'd the beauties of the brightest dawn,
 When Nature wanton'd, and when Time was young ;
 The orient pheasant, bird of paradise,
 That second phoenix, livery'd o'er with light,
 In all the tinges that the prism yields,
 When NEWTON's hand unfolds the robe of day,
 And pours bright wonders on the dazzled sight,
 With pride around their elegant domain,
 Like earthly cherubims rejoic'd they run,
 And bask in kingly GEORGE's bounteous beam ;
 In tints as different as their different climes,
 They charm alternately the ravish'd eye,
 By turns displaying as they glittering pass,
 In beautiful extremes that joy the heart ;
 The costly mixtures, green, and red, and gold,

That

That East and West and Indian mines can yield,
 The rising and the setting sun bestow'd ;
 Whilst o'er the margins of the crystal pool,
 With vegetating gay mosaïc crown'd,
 (For earth and water here their charms unite)
 Their glistening shapes as in a mirrour seen,
 To the bright surface call the finny train,
 By envy struck at such bespangled coats,
 Like jealous beauties at a splendid show,
 They vindicate their elemental pride,
 In gay comparisons oppose their own,
 With gold bedrop'd, and gems, and scarlet dyes,
 In rival radiance mingling ray with ray.

And now from sight the soul has had her fill,
 With colour, motion, shape and life replete ;
 A thousand seasons in them sounds I hear,
 Nature's whole concert pouring on my sense,
 Exotic harmony, Hesperian bands,
 With both the Indies mix'd, where all agree.
 Beneath an artificial hemisphere,
 By Taste's own hand extended far and wide,
 By royal hospitality uprear'd,
 They bask in plenty, nor regret their own,
 And thankful chaunt their kingly patron's praise ;

And

And though not native, yet their charming song
 On Greenland's frozen waste would find a friend;
 Let merit still, though born beneath the pole,
 Near Britain's genial monarch meet a home.

Lo now through this digressive devious path,
 That outward leads my flow abstracted step
 From forth this episode of richest charms,
 A wide extended comely continent,
 A cultivated world at once appear
 In epic unity sublime and grandeur form'd,
 Where lawns, and copious plains, and palaces,
 And hills, and vales, and stately trees and groves,
 And flocks and fragrant bowers, and silver lakes,
 By taste and harmony together mix'd,
 Compose the glorious groupe ! Thou soul of all,
 Exhilarating water ! joyful guest !
 Thou fertile source, that voluntary cam'st
 From earth's irriguous womb, and animat'st
 The garden ! thou that all the wide-spread lake
 With never-failing copious streams supply'st,
 Thou, thou the muse's first attention claim
 With just pretence, and first demand her song !
 Thou pride and charm of all th' enchanting plan,
 Which dignifies, adorns, and gives the groupe

Its vigour, source of vegetable life,
 And vernal beauty, Flora's fruitful nurse,
 Thou nectar of her many-colour'd fons,
 Ambrosial fons, thou cordial of the spring,
 Thy stimulating virtue yet was not.—
 This new creation languish'd yet for thee,
 The wounded earth was oft explor'd in vain,
 In vain her inmost vitals oft explor'd,
 Nor rich exhilarating stream was found,
 Where panting Taste her feverish thirst might cool,
 And quench at once her ardent appetite ;
 The destin'd moment labour'd into birth,
 The royal blooming babe, the Prince our hope,
 Our dawning hope, now like the vernal year
 Ascending, or the morning star benign ;
 The Prince himself was then alone inspir'd,
 His watchful angel ministring unseen,
 With guiding influence in the garb of chance,
 By innocent and artless agents led,
 Reveal'd the welcome visitant to fight,
 And clear'd the thirsty glebe ; a beauteous fawn,
 That fearful fed upon the flowery mead,
 Luxuriant, Nature's denizen alone,
 Unciviliz'd as yet by human bribes,

Nor yet domestic made, came bounding up,
 With fond familiar gaze; admiring still,
 Still nearer to the smiling Prince he came,
 Then stretching forth his taper neck, in act
 Of courtesy, and mildest homage, meek,
 As if by gratitude and reason taught,
 He gently touch'd, he kindly kiss'd his hand,
 Then oft step'd forward, and as oft return'd,
 Then gambol'd round, and kiss'd again his hand,
 As if on some important message sent,
 Which he by earnest and expressive deed
 Would willingly make known.
 Now to a rich-wove thicket in a vale,
 Where water-loving willows all around
 With vigorous verdure grew; with guiding step,
 She led him bounding on, and oft return'd,
 Beseeching still, where reason seem'd to plead.
 The Prince with wonder struck and sweet surprize,
 His earnest, mute, persuasive guide, pursu'd,
 Quick through the fragrant path by jessamins,
 And intermingling roses arch'd o'er,
 Which clustered round his beauteous face with pride,
 And kindly kiss'd his crimson cheeks with love,
 With seeming love, and extasy inspir'd;

When

When lo ! that instant to his wond'ring sight,
 From forth the gushing glebe, a fountain rich,
 A new-born fountain rose, and water'd all
 The fainting flowers around with copious rills,
 And promis'd to his future hopes a lake ;
 Whilst on a youthful laurel near his side,
 Fast by the hallow'd well, a nightingale,
 With thrilling transport charm'd his list'ning ear,
 And seem'd to celebrate the mystic spring.

Lo now the long-extended liquid plain,
 With glassy face meandring bright, and broad,
 That still absorbs, and still gives back the scene,
 Refreshing still, and still embracing all ;
 That full-grown daughter of the sacred well,
 In full perfection, like its princely Lord,
 Partaking still, and still diffusing health,
 And bloom, and elegance, and joy around,
 The pride of nature and the boast of art.

Where shall the muse begin her song, or end,
 Amidst a multitude of beauties lost,
 A vast variety of charming themes !
 Here high and low, here great and small unite,

O T H A O

Here

Here true magnificence, and seeming scant;
 Here princely state, and rustic plainness verge;
 In sweet vicinity for ever fix'd,
 For ever distant and for ever near,
 In one accomplish'd, one distinguish'd all.

But yon descending sun with setting ray
 Instructs the muse to cease her much-lov'd song;
 Unwilling she obeys, and seeks the dome,
 Where due repose and genial joys unite,
 And means to meet among the groves at early dawn.



C A N T O II.

A GAIN the morning calls the muse abroad;
 In heart-reviving radiant-garb array'd,
 Which bribes the soul through ev'ry raptur'd sense,
 And ravish'd fancy to her charms invites;
 Again the muse enjoys the orient queen;
 With fragrant tresses dipt in virgin-dew,
 Her rosy bosom deck'd with pearls from heaven,
 Those tears rich shedding from the infant dawn,
 New born, whose eye drops gems on Flora's mantle;
 Her mantle green; with purple mix'd; with gold;
 With heaven-wrought tints, by blushing April worn;
 In early sweets, in bridal beauty clad,
 With modest step to meet the lusty May,
 When rosy Summer wreaths her wedded arm
 With crimson chaplets; and the féstal year,
 When new-dress'd Nature bids the world awake.

Again the sun lays out the gladsome scene
 To Taste's enchanted view; the garden now,
 When eye-dethroning Night her pow'r withdraws
 From earth and heav'n, when raptur'd vision reigns;
 The garden now with morning rays renew'd,
 Its robe reveals in all the sportive pride
 Of livery'd Spring's prolific genius, wrought
 In her own various and delightful bloom,
 Her vernal web, and pours abroad its wealth;
 And now the flocks, with humid fleeces rich,
 With gilded backs beneath the slanting beam,
 With nibbling step, slow stretching by degrees,
 In random march, still feeding as they stray,
 Eager athwart the misty mantled lawn
 Ascend with devious tardy step the hills,
 Made rich by staple wealth, and whiten all the sides.

The many-peopled lake, loquacious now,
 And all alive; appears; the clamorous tribes
 Now bask exulting on the sunny banks,
 With voices different as their different plumes.
 A motley Babel, yet in social bands,
 The notes are various, but the song the same,
 One ardent joy through every language speaks,
 In amorous descant, whilst they prune their state,

On tip-toe now with out-stretch'd pinions stand,
 Now wanton dash amidst the scatt'ring wave,
 With vary'd clang, and clap the wat'ry wing.

So when wild party-colour'd factions struck
 Their strife-inspiring standards down, by pride
 Upheld so long, seditious baleful flags !
 And laid their ensigns low at GEORGE'S feet,
 That glorious victory of his opening reign,
 Fell Discord then through all her mouths was chang'd
 To sounds reciprocal of in-bred joy ;
 Her jarring dialects to social mirth
 Were sudden turn'd in one harmonious hymn,
 Sweet concord reign'd, and every heart was glad.

The joyful sun now gains with fervid wheel
 Upon the steep of heaven with gradual speed,
 And leaves the rosy-tinctur'd dawn behind ;
 And see, our youthful Monarch like the morn
 Advanc'd, in blooming majesty benign,
 And awful port, our guardian angel bright,
 Like Milton's Raphael, meek array'd and mild,
 Amongst the joyful trees resplendent move,
 With godlike air, and high behest from heaven,
 The friend of man, and Britain's pride ador'd ;

Lo,

Lo, near his side, close to his royal breast,
 Behold the partner of his heart and throne;
 His much-lov'd queen in Virtue's attributes
 Array'd, with soft connubial grace adorn'd,
 By merit lifted, and by aid divine,
 To that exalted, that imperial height,
 The fruitful mother of a race of kings,
 That shall Britannia's lenient scepter wield
 With righteous hand, in long hereditary
 Most happy line, their people's fathers blest'd;
 Lo, with what sanctity serene, what sweet
 Vivacity, what penetrating mild
 Attractive eye, what energy humane,
 And meek deport, with winning grace benign,
 She captivates Britannia's sanguine wish,
 By virtue charm'd, and GEORGE'S raptur'd soul!
 Oh see th' illustrious, royal, happy pair,
 With genuine dignity, and heart-felt joy,
 With mutual bliss, and raptur'd step, draw near;
 In either princely hand a blooming babe
 Behold, in beauteous miniature express'd,
 Of sweetest majesty and manly grace,
 And florid vigour, beaming life and health,
 And joy; the father's image, and the mother's bliss;
 Their pledge of rapture, and Britannia's pride;

Before

Before the new-born fragrance yet unfelt,
 And new-born blooms arise, the garden's gifts
 To its royal Master, and its Mistress meek
 Rich offered up the tribute of the morn,
 The music of the grove with ten-fold force
 And sweet extatic harmony ascends,
 From bush, from brake, from thicket, branch and tree,
 And wide-spread wilderness made vocal now,
 Whilst Echo answers every artless note
 From her responsive cell, and Nature hails
 The King, with all her denizens of air,
 In one irregular Pindaric voice,
 Pour'd forth at once through twice ten thousand throats,
 That raptur'd chaunt the miscellaneous hymn,
 Congenial choristers, in British bands,
 Unbounded prodigals of earth and sky,
 Those libertin's of song, by Nature taught.

Now art and elegance by slow degrees
 Abate with gradual step their gorgeous train,
 Yet there proud Victory her temple rears
 Upon a lofty hill conspicuous seen,
 From whose high ridge, by pleasing toil attain'd,
 An image of our conquest wide appears,
 Our added empire, and our Indian world,

In letter'd taste, and joyful stile adorn'd ;
 The just, embellish'd, beauteous frame behold,
 That speaks the finish'd master's manly thought,
 In emblematic trophies that display
 Britannia's glory, and the vanquish'd Gaul,
 Whilst awful ruin pleading in her view,
 Draws forth the tear from her triumphant eye,
 And shews the horrid marks of wasteful war ;
 Nature in russet robe magnificent
 Appears devoid of art, and mark the path
 Through which she leads, by wisdom pointed out
 With moral finger to the learned eye,
 Where virtue, taste, and truth, and art combine,
 In one pathetic, and instructive theme,
 Where Pride may sigh, and Socrates grow wise.
 How apt this awful monitor is fix'd,
 At Fancy's fervid and luxuriant feast,
 By firm philosophy's restraining hand,
 To damp delight, and give reflection room !
 What solemn, sacred, sad remains are these,
 The skeleton of Greece and Rome confus'd,
 The mournful relics of a world laid waste,
 Where Vanity may wring her cheated hands,
 And weeping Pomp her spurious pride regret !

Lo, there her high-rai'd idol long ador'd,
 Where e'er the Roman eagles wing'd their flight,
 Ambition's premium, a triumphal arch,
 By Truth, by Time, struck down for ever ; lo,
 Thou lofty boaster, and thou prostrate lye,
 Thy haughty forehead erst was deep engrav'd
 With story'd insolence, and classic vaunt,
 That rich related on thy proud expanse,
 Thy arched arrogance, thy scornful crest,
 Thy figur'd attributes, thy breathing forms,
 This long rever'd, this false prophetic tale,
 That Rome, imperial Rome, should never die ;
 Ah ! where is now thy boasted evidence,
 Thy proud report, that spread from pole to pole,
 And made the world, the bleeding world subscribe ?
 Look there how contradicted in the dust,
 Beneath the foot of trampling Time it lies,
 In blank confusion, like some coward caught
 Behind the mask of promis'd fortitude,
 And daring soul,—how abject in thy fall !
 Ambition, blush, behold thy trumpeter,
 Thy haughty herald, once thy stately boast,
 Retract in mouldering fragments on the ground
 The long exulting lofty narrative,
 And preaching meekness to the eye of kings.

How

How happy here hath taste and sense struck out,
 The melting topic from the sad extreme,
 Where fancy decorates the mournful scene,
 And chance to genius lends her moral mask !
 How greedy Time destroys the Attic grace,
 And makes, alas ! the Roman grandeur dust !
 Is this the image of the world's great queen ?
 Did Scipio fight, did Julius bleed for this ?
 Th' ingrafted weed, the kindred nettle now,
 With friendly growth, would fain conceal its plight
 From satire's eye, and hide it from the world ;
 And lo, the inmate owl and twilight bat
 Are all the tenants of this moral pile.

Ah ! see yon weeping muse in marble stand
 Amidst a heap of rude distorted things,
 An aggregate of discord wild and waste,
 Where sacred relics of old Greece and Rome,
 Which Gothic arrogance could never brook
 Before her keen discriminating eye,
 Were swallow'd quick within th' abortive gulph,
 Where life ingorg'd the defecrated grave,
 And breathing grace 'midst horrid lumber lay ;
 That charnel house of elegance long lost,
 Where mutilated forms were frequent trod,
 Like

Like human limbs that once express'd a soul,
 With buried genius destin'd yet to rise.
 Lo! nettles, briars through rough fragments spread,
 That choak the laurel with their Vandal growth;
 For still the kindred laurel would be near
 The muse immortal, tho' by time o'erlaid,
 Where beauty beams through lineaments divine,
 And Phidias emulates the gods in skill,
 Tho' there condemn'd with jarring forms to mix,
 Like heavenly music by a storm o'erwhelm'd,
 Or virtue by the savage world oppress'd;
 Let greatness pause, and cast one look behind;
 In this must all that retrospect be lost.
 Could Pompey see his theatre like this,
 Could Athens view Minerva's temple now,
 How much abash'd must human pride appear!
 How mortify'd at what she vainly woos!

What accidental scars in playful mood
 The tyrant Time, with slow fantastic hand,
 Inflicts!—What gashes here his casual scythe
 Hath made, when mowing down some greater world
 Than Rome, amongst the stars, perhaps, and states
 Unknown, whose influence reaches here! And lo!
 Yon bending pillar, mouldering arch half dropp'd,
 Yon venerable broken limbs above,

These awful fragments on the ground below,
 Where mimic choice, chaotic chance excels,
 In hoary rude wreck-scatt'ring anarchy skill,
 That copies Time's o'er-turning stroke so well,
 And mocks the majesty of falling worlds !
 Where Taste on ruin builds her shapeless throne,
 With uncreating hand, with artless art,
 Curtain'd by wisdom-teaching random weeds,
 That wildly grow with reverential gloom,
 These robes of state that moral Fancy wears,
 All these with mournful voice aloud declare,
 That Virtue only shall outshine the stars ;
 How well hath Art at once display'd in this,
 Her own deceitful glory and disgrace !

The muse from grave reflection's level path
 Excursive soars on vent'rous wing sublime,
 Where Fancy plumes, and Pleasure prompts her flight,
 Amidst a maze of many winding forms,
 That seem a labyrinth like that of life,
 Laid down imprompt by semblant chance with vague
 Contingent hand, where perfect plan, and wise
 Design at every turn still meets the eye,
 And manifest the mystic thread that runs
 In regular disguise throughout the whole.

Lo there Augusta's theatre exalted stands,
 With out-stretch'd arms in rich Corinthian robe
 Array'd, in soft attractive attitude,
 That seems to welcome and embrace with fond
 Parental joy, the royal happy pair,
 Where seated now, with mild indulgence crown'd,
 They feast the filial heart, and glad the soul;
 In elegance serene, and finish'd stile,
 This awful edifice the fancy strikes,
 Expressive emblem of the royal dame,
 For whose repose and rational delight
 The perfect pile in comely grace arose,
 That pours the garden on the raptur'd eye,
 And every charming incident displays.

In opposition rude, and contrast strong,
 The temple of the winds, and boisterous god,
 Behold, whom fiction form'd to curb their rage,
 Or let them loose against the frighted world
 To tear up Nature from her center'd grasp,
 And lift old Chaos to his throne once more;
 See there obedient to the gentlest hand,
 The proud Eolian temple turns around,
 Persuaded by one powerful spring unseen;
 Like reason piloting the excursive will,
 When passion yields, and prudence sways the helm;

This

This headstrong deity will facile prove,
 Whose breath gives glory to Britannia's flag,
 By GEORGE's hand invincible display'd.

An Eastern king the tall pagoda stands,
 In China's striking symbols, strong express'd,
 Whose gaudy grandeur seems to reach the skies,
 And overlooks with stately growth the whole;
 So stands the cedar tall, or lofty oak,
 Above the wide extended various wood,
 That when compar'd to them, a coppice seems;
 The awful base projects an hospitable shade
 Against the torrid ray at summer's noon
 Shot down direct, and friendly shelter from
 The fierce Atlantic blast, when winter shakes
 The world, and mingles majesty with use;
 In hostile symbols see this monarch mark'd,
 Where gilded dragons guard his lofty pride,
 And beauty blends with terror ev'ry grace,
 Which looks at best but like a tyrant's smile,
 When fear divides the doubtful palm with joy,
 And Nature shudders at the shining pest,
 Or weeps her own sad attributes laid waste.

But oh ! how different is the prospect here,
 When winding gradual through th' interior orb,

At ev'ry breathing pause new wonders rise,
 That wider still at every joyful step,
 And wider grow, like science to the soul,
 Expanding all the climax of her charms,
 In just degrees by pleasing toil attain'd
 And flow, to bless th' ambitious sage's eye,
 With reason's rich horizon vast display'd,
 And manifest the works of God to man.
 Now to the hard-gain'd glorious top arriv'd,
 With toil-forgetting step, and throbbing heart,
 Let gratitude, and joy, and fancy fill
 With elegant excess the feasted soul,
 Where Freedom all the lavish banquet spreads,
 Beneath the smile of monarchy well poiz'd,
 Where mankind thrive, and kings resemble heaven.

Descending thence o'er gradual hill and vale,
 In easy undulating surface bold,
 That sink and rise in sweet alternate forms,
 Like ocean's face in friendly tumult mix'd
 By lively breezes in a summer's morn,
 Or music floating on the skilful ear,
 Serene enjoy'd, or beauty's bending line,
 That charms the clear illucidated eye,

When elegance attracts th' enamour'd foul,
By Fancy in her Protean scene display'd.

This intermediate paradise o'erpass,
The mooned mosque with sharp exotic air,
And mingled character severe upstands,
Where heterogeneous styles grotesque combine
To frame this temple of discordant shapes,
That like the worship in its walls contain'd,
Is fill'd with rhapsody, and wild extreme ;
What novelty the striking pile affords,
Amidst the aggregates of Greece and Rome !

In serpentine revolves that gently draw
With sweet inticing slopes th' enchanted step,
By unperceiv'd degrees, from bliss to bliss,
Secreted from the plain and simple path,
In deep digression, lo, a Gothic pile,
In solemn levity obscure involv'd,
And proud implicit shape assails the eye,
And yet with more of chearful taste display'd,
And open candid symmetry express'd,
Than oft that grove-like gloomy pile affords,
Whose dusky, close-contracted, pillar'd isles,

Like

Like ranged trees, with interwoven tops,
 In vegetating vaults compact appear,
 That shut out day, and darken every thought,
 Whose very effence seems at first contriv'd
 To thicken terror, and embody fear.

And lo, what miracles of art o'erspread
 The mystic walls within ! what quaint illusion
 Mocks the believing eye ! whose fairy shade
 A rounded substance seems, when cheated touch
 With disappointed wonder backward starts,
 And thinks perspective's power a magic spell,
 As erst Æneas in th' Elisian grove
 A fleeting phantom for his father clasp'd,
 Delusion grateful to the master's eye,
 That yields new trophies to his wizard art,
 Where fallacy a moral sanction claims,
 Who flings o'er falsehood's form the robe of truth,
 And Error's hoary head respectful makes.

Oh where shall beauty stop her bright career,
 Or elegance the panting heart absolve,
 Still stretching forward in a fairy maze,
 And progress sweet, delightful to the eye !
 I see her pure attractive graces grow
 In quick succession, changing still their form.

With

With pensive aspect and pathetic mien,
 The weeping willow 'midst the joyful tribes,
 With drooping tresses, near the water's brink,
 Still seems to shed the philosophic tear,
 Like Persia's king, that o'er his millions mourn'd,
 When grave reflection dimm'd his dazzled pride,
 And temper'd glory with a thoughtful cast.

Inchanting goddess, rich Variety,
 How beautiful thy finish'd forms appear !
 When Nature's mirror, polish'd by the hand
 Of Taste, reflects thy finest attitudes
 Upon the eye of art, whose happy hand
 A picture makes that's fit to please in heaven,
 Where genius, sense, and taste, and BURE are seen,
 To cheer Britannia's heart, and GEORGE's princely soul.

Go forth, great King, from charm to charm-regale,
 From ev'ry incident extracting still,
 With deep sagacious ken, and raptur'd taste,
 The soul's best booty, and the sweets of sense ;
 But see a prospect stretching to your view,
 That fills the exulting eye with health and joy,
 Success, felicity, and princely rule,
 And public love, and virtue crowning all.

Go forth, illustrious Prince, with every virtue fraught,
 Thy people's pride, and fill the copious scene,
 Go forth, applauded by thy own good heart,
 With conscious rapture by the world admir'd ;
 The world's too little for a soul like thine,
 Its purest plaudits fade upon thine ear,
 And all its triumphs vanish from thy sight,
 An empty echo, viewless atom, lost
 Amidst th' unbounded prospect virtue gives ;
 Yet still enjoy, adorn the transient scene,
 Since wishing millions stand or fall with thee ;
 Let marble piles, let longer-living verse,
 Record thy deeds, till Time himself is tir'd ;
 But thy ambition grapples with eternity ;
 When all the chequer'd scene of life is past
 In pleasing dreams, when Virtue has her fill,
 When many, many years have glided by
 In downy circles sweet, with olive palms,
 When all the destin'd happy space is past,
 With all the thanks a grateful world can give,
 A higher throne ascend, by angels wafted up,
 When smiling Nature bids, and mingle with the stars.

F I N I S.

The Lord, illustrious Prince, with every virtue bright,
 The people's guide, and all the nations' King,
 He looms, attended by his own good band,
 To this condition, where the world is bound,
 The world's too little for a foot like thine,
 He surely stands upon the earth,
 And all is triumph, when he comes to fight,
 An empty echo, without sound, for
 Amidst the unnumbered people, who give
 To fill the air, about the throne of
 Since willing millions stand at all his feet,
 Let marble pillars, let the towers of
 Record thy deeds, till Time himself is past,
 But thy ambition, thy will to rule,
 When all the splendours of the East
 In passing, when Virtue has her fall,
 When many, many years have glided by,
 In dusty silence, with their bones,
 When all the distant happy space is past,
 With all the shade a grateful world can give,
 A higher throne should thy angels build up,
 When living Nature bids, and sings with the stars.

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